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# 26

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HOTTIES!

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HOME  
STRIP!

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French – but  
she ain't!

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# Mayfair Male



**Got a sexual adventure to share with our like-minded readers? Then stick it in an email or an envelope and lob it over! You'll bag £50 if it's up to scratch!**

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## Cabin Fever

Seeing the very sexy Conny (Vol 44.11) prompted me to write and tell your readers about my own little sexy Conny, although my Conny was the very opposite of the very outgoing beauty in Mayfair.

I first met her when I was on a train coming home as it pulled into one of the airport stations. As the train stopped, I looked out of the window and on the platform was one of the sexiest sights I had seen in a long time.

There was a cabin crew girl (so much better when we called them air stewardesses!) standing with her trolley case. She was in her early twenties, her dark hair was up and tied with a red ribbon and she wore rectangular shaped black glasses. She also had a look about her that seemed to be saying, "Please don't bother me" – her red glossed lips seeming to be the only concession to showing off what was an incredibly pretty face.

She wore a blue uniform, blue jacket with red and white trim that was buttoned up above what looked to be a small and very pert pair of tits. Her skirt was knee length and she was wearing tanned nylons with black low-heeled shoes. She looked like she had very shapely legs and she was holding a pair of white gloves. She was a

**She had lovely pale skin with gorgeous tits – young and pert – with her wet hair tumbling over her lovely big nipples, and she had a little hint of very fair bush...**

real enigma, she looked so conservative in her uniform but my dick had started to harden just looking at her.

She got on to my carriage, there were plenty of free seats, so I was pleased when she sat opposite me. I smiled and she sort of stared back, no emotion in her face before turning to look out of the window. I was regretting the fact that I was getting off at the next stop that was only five minutes away but in truth she didn't seem in the mood to acknowledge I was there let alone chat. It was, however, very hard not to keep looking at her and all sorts of sexy scenarios kept coming into my head.

I noticed her neck scarf was from one of the American airlines and I gave her a few blatant stares and smiles in a last attempt to engage her, but to no avail. The train was pulling into my station and I got up.

"Are you getting off here?" I heard her say in a low voice, her American accent obvious.

"I am," I replied, as I turned to look at her.

"Can you help me? I need to get off here too."

I thought she meant with her case, which I lifted for her and took to the door. At last she smiled; "Thanks, but I need help finding a hotel."

The doors opened and I lifted her case out. She stepped off in her own deliberate style and handed me a sheet of paper. She was looking at me over her glasses now.

"Do you know where it is?" she asked. I did, it was a lovely hotel about fifteen minutes drive away.

"It's actually on my way," I said, "if you want to share a cab..." I said, trying to hide the fact I was lying through my teeth as I was going in the completely opposite direction.

"If you're sure, that'd be cool," she smiled. I was amazed but grabbed her case before she could change her mind.

"After you," I said as she walked down the platform and I had a good look at her very cute arse in her tight pencil skirt.

There were plenty of cabs, which was a shame as I was hoping to get some time talking to her, and we were soon on our way. I learnt her name was Conny and she was staying one night before flying back the next day. She was originally from California but now lived on the outskirts of New York. She seemed impressed as the cab pulled up the drive to the hotel. I went to pay but she insisted she paid as she said it was all covered by her allowances.

"I'll walk you in," I said. She gave me a funny kind of smirk, then, but accepted my offer.

We walked to reception and she gave her name and airline and the lady keyed in to her keypad.

"Oh we have you down as a single," she said, "but I will just change that as you are a couple."

In fact if you don't mind waiting a little for your room I can upgrade you free of charge to one of our deluxe doubles."

Conny and I exchanged a quick glance at each other before I took the bull by the horn and said, "That's fine. We'll wait in the bar."

I picked up the trolley case and headed off to the bar with Conny in tow, a bit bemused but not saying anything. The bar had been fitted out to look like an old fashioned country pub which was in keeping with the Hotel. I ordered us drinks, Conny had a vodka and coke and I got a beer as we sat down in a quiet corner.

"You're a pretty fast mover," she said, looking me straight in the eye. I must have blushed a bit, because she suddenly laughed and relaxed, and the conversation began to flow.

We had a second drink and she admitted that the

## Hair Today

Dear Mayfair

I've recently started reading your magazine and I just wanted to tell you how much I'm enjoying the Classic Mayfair section. It's really interesting to see what the magazine looked like back in the day, and some of the women from yesteryear really are truly gorgeous. I especially enjoyed blonde stunner Lynsey Atkins playing on the beach in issue 44 vol.9. It's a bit unusual now to see a woman with a full bush but she proved that it's still sexy, and it must've been all the rage back then, because many of the models practically have a forest down there! Encouragingly, in the same issue I was also pleased to see a little more hair than the norm on your centrefold Stephanie, and she looked all the better for it. Those girls with bare fannies just look silly and unnatural! Please keep the pubes coming! I wonder how your other readers feel about this. Am I some kind of freak for loving hairy pussies?

**Tom, Saffron Walden**

*Cheers Tom, we always enjoy hearing what our readers have been enjoying in Mayfair. With a large back-catalogue like ours it's always nice to reflect on what readers from previous generations enjoyed and how trends and the whims of Editors have changed over the years. As for the pube preferences, of course we appreciate that the girls have individual tastes with regards to how they're trimmed, but we agree with you that Steph's furrier fanny looked great, and we'd love it if more girls would sport a more natural style like hers. And no Tom, you're definitely not some kind of freak, as many of our readers love hairy pussies and aren't shy about telling us – so watch this space!*





prim way she conducted herself was all part of an act. She knew there were many stereotypes about cabin crew girls and she did not want to encourage anyone to get the wrong idea. "So you're not a stuck up bitch?" I chanced, which made her laugh. "No, I just don't seek attention and also I am tired where I flew through the night." "I don't think you would ever have to seek attention looking the way you do," I said, as I sensed the ice maiden was starting to melt. As we were finishing our drinks the receptionist came over. 'Fuck!' I thought, she will be gone now, but much to my surprise and delight she whispered, "Come on." I smiled at her lifted her case and then took her hand in my free hand. She giggled again and we walked hand in hand following the receptionist to the room. The room was great, large bed and a large jacuzzi bath. As the receptionist left, Conny said, "So did you really think I was a stuck up bitch?" I was careful how I answered; "No, not really but you just looked so prim and proper and everything you did was so deliberate." "I could feel your eyes on me on the train, I rarely do anything spontaneous so I just didn't react," she replied. Before I could speak she walked up to me and started to kiss me. At first I was shocked, but as we settled into a long kiss my hands fell to her bum and I slowly caressed her cute little arse as we kissed. She broke off and looked at me. "I've been up all night, I was going to have a shower and go to bed but maybe you can join me for a bath?" I smiled as she started to undo the buttons on her jacket, which she took off to reveal a white blouse. She removed her tie and then undid her blouse. She slipped it off her shoulders, she was wearing a white lacy bra. Her tits were a good size but firm, and her nipples were hard sticking through the lace. I complimented her body as I watched her undo her skirt letting it fall to the ground. She had on matching white lacy panties and suspender belt together with tanned stockings and her shoes. She nervously stood in front of me, resisting any attempts by me to touch her. She undid the ribbon in her hair, letting it tumble around her shoulders – she had to be one of the best looking girls I had met. My cock stiffened to its full length in my trousers. "I'm going to run a bath and take my make up off, why don't you go and get some drinks and join me in the bath in about ten minutes?" I sprang up and gave her another long kiss, this time letting my hands roam over her soft skin while Conny pressed against my erect cock. I got a bottle of champagne from the bar and when I got back to the room, Conny was already submerged under a bath of bubbles. I opened the bottle and quickly undressed. As I walked in the bathroom my dick led the way. "Oh God, I really cant believe I am doing this!" she laughed as I poured the drinks and climbed in. I sat opposite her and our legs touched under the water. "Your cock looks very hard, is that really because you think I am sexy?? she asked. I assured her it was and then said, "Anyway, I'm at a disadvantage – I haven't seen you naked yet." She laughed again. "You are naughty, I have never done anything like this – I haven't even had sex for ages!" I sat back in the bath as Conny slowly stood. Her tits were gorgeous, perfectly shaped and full. She was very slim with lovely skin and as she

## Badcock and Lauryn

Dear Sir

Your recent Mayfair interview with Lolly Badcock just made my week. She's an awesome girl and I've been a fan since since she started out years ago as Little Miss Freckles. I just think she'd such a no-nonsense genuine pornstar, unlike a lot of the American girls! I'm happy to hear about her move into boy-girl scenes, although I do hope she'll be keeping up the lesbian stuff too. I also loved the photos of her all dressed up; she looked amazing in her Catwoman outfit. You also hit the nail on the head with Lauryn, who looked very naughty in her nurse-style scrubs. Cheers guys, I'll definitely be buying the next issue.

**Richard, Forest Gate**

*Miss Lolly is currently one of our office's favourite self-proclaimed sluts, and her decision to start doing boy/girl was a very popular one around the office. Some members of the team weren't sure if she was a Mayfair girl, but they soon ate their words when they saw the pictures of her all glammed up and looking fantastic. Luckily for us Lolly loves all kinds of costumes and we love her in them, especially if they're made from PVC – she's one Catwoman that can curl up on our laps any day. Lauryn's also a fan of fancy-dress, and, as you rightly say Richard, she did look pretty hot in her scrubs. So, more pubes and more fancy outfits... leave it to us! And feel free to send in your suggestions about exactly what outfits you'd like to see our girls wearing.*



**Tiff removed the toy from her pussy and opened her legs wide. Isabel climbed on the bed, knelt between her thighs and began to lick her...**

stood I saw her trimmed little bush. Her thighs were pressed together as I leaned forward. I ran my hands up her legs and then slowly kissed her thighs, moving upwards. I could feel her trembling as I ran my hand between her thighs slightly opening them to reveal her pussy lips. "You are so beautiful," I said, as I positioned myself on my knees, and whilst holding her bum cheeks with my hands started to lightly kiss her pussy. I could hear Conny's breathing get faster as my kisses got firmer and she then gasped as I started to lick along her lips. She tasted gorgeous and I used my tongue to probe between her lips. Her hands were on my head and she was softly moaning as I started to kiss her clit for the first time. Her reaction was instant, and as my tongue touched her she shook. "Oh God, I'm coming!" she yelped. I looked up. "No don't stop carry on," she said between gasps. Her orgasm was quick and as she settled she sat on one of the bathroom seats, opening her legs wide. "Carry on...?" she repeated, shyly, and I moved onto all fours and buried my face in her wet quim. She tasted great and I greedily licked her as she wrapped her legs round my neck, pulling her lovely pussy tight against my face. She climaxed again, but never broke contact. I had never had a girl who could take so much

licking, and I now focused my mouth on her clit whilst I pushed a finger between her wet lips. She gasped and moaned as I licked and finger fucked her until her body jerked and she came again, very hard this time. After that she pushed me away as she shook, her eyes shut and her head thrown back. As she recovered she looked at me; "That's never happened – I have never been licked like that!"

I lifted out of the water and kissed her, and she responded passionately. "I have never known a girl be able to take it so much after she'd already come," I said.

Conny smiled; "I've never orgasmed just from oral before – I didn't know either."

We kissed again and her hand went down to my cock. Then she broke contact.

"Stand up," she said. I did, meaning my cock was now pointing at her face as she lent forward. She sucked me in, it was obvious she was not that experienced but seeing her pretty face and tiny cute mouth with my cock in it made it impossible not to get too excited and I was soon pumping out come like there was no tomorrow. She took the initial shot in her mouth allowing it to dribble down her chin whilst the next lot of spunk shot all over her tits.

I was still quite hard.

"Will you still be able

**Continued on page 22**



# Sasha

**Ages:** 21 **Vital Stats:** 32D-24-32

**Photographer:** Steve Dutton

Following her *Mayfair* debut a few issues back, quite a few of you got in touch to request a second helping of Sasha, and who can blame you – figures like that don't grow on trees, do they? And it seems young Sasha's really been coming along on the modelling front, since our paths last crossed.

"Yeah, these last few months have been fantastic!" thrilled the South coast-based beauty when we asked her how it was going. "I've been flown all over Europe, met some fantastic people – and now I've been in *Mayfair* it's got even better. Who knows where it'll end?"

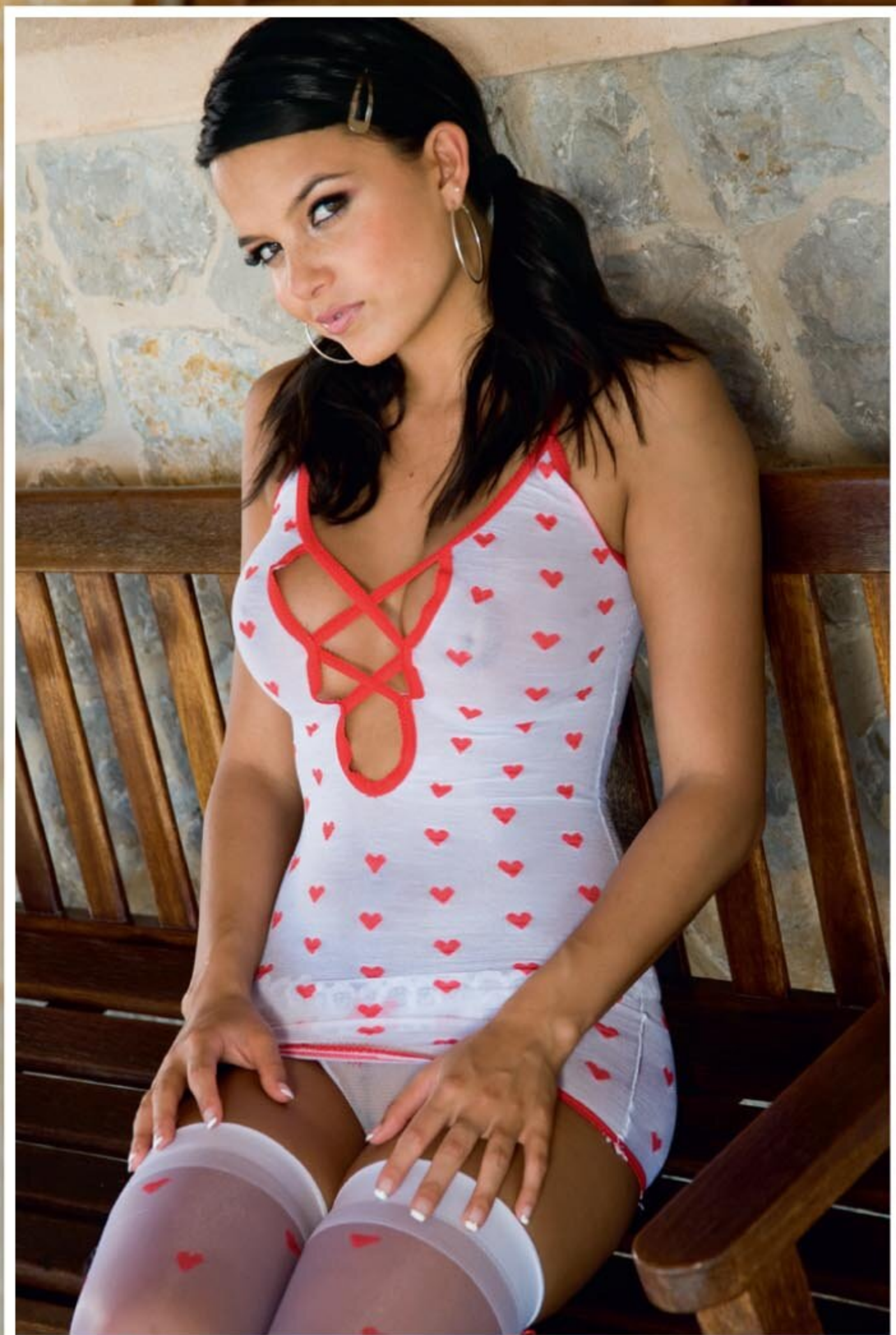
Well, we can only say we reckon she's got some great prospects ahead of her... not to mention a pretty nice one behind her as well!

**SEE MY  
HARDER  
PICS**

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**MAYFAIR**  
Presents...

# NIKKI JAYNE







After checking out a stall selling adult movies, she asked the proprietor, "So how do you get into one of these films, then?"

Well she was soon to find out...

**B**orn in Manchester and raised in Wigan, leggy blonde bombshell Nikki Jayne is one of the few British stars performing at the very top of the American porn industry. But how did a girl brought up in a gritty and unglamorous Northern town end up contracted to one of the biggest players in the adult business and living in a mansion in Beverly Hills? Well, it definitely wasn't down to the rain, pies and rugby league.

It probably wasn't down to her experiences running the tea club at her local church either, which was one of her first notable achievements in life. Indeed, when Nikki went to college to study Performing Arts, Business Studies and Psychology, it seemed a rather different career choice might be on the cards, but she dropped out after just three months.

Nikki then got a job selling ads for the Wigan Reporter newspaper and a career in the adult industry still seemed a million miles away. However, the self-confessed Jenna Jameson fan had always told everyone who would listen that she wanted to be a stripper, and that she dreamt of becoming a famous pornstar.

Aged just 18 she decided to have her boobs enlarged – Nikki went from a 34A to a 34C – a move that proved to be the catalyst to her success.



Sick of the 9-5 grind, and with her confidence boosted by her new boobs, Nikki decided to ditch the day job and start work part-time as a personal trainer. Evenings were spent feature dancing in Gentlemen's Clubs in Manchester and Liverpool, and suddenly a career in porn began to look more and more likely.

In 2007, Nikki got a gig modelling evening gowns at the Erotic Trade Only show in Birmingham, and was introduced to renowned hardcore directors Gazzman and Dave from Harmony films, apparently after checking out a stall selling adult movies and asking the proprietor: "How do you get into one of these films, then?"

Well she was soon to find out, as just three days after that fateful meeting Nikki was in the Czech Republic filming her very first



# MAYFAIR Presents...

# NIKKI JAYNE

The former church tea club monitor was to become a contract girl for one of the biggest porn movie producers on the planet...

scene for Harmony, which was released later that year as *The Initiation of Nikki Jayne*.

Her debut certainly caused a stir, and after a short apprenticeship for Harmony, in 2008 Nikki got a call from Ben English at LA Direct Models, who told her to get on a flight to Los Angeles to sign a deal with Vivid Entertainment. The former church tea club monitor was to become a contract girl for one of the biggest porn movie producers on the planet.

Signed up to make six films a year, the filthy

fuck-flicks started to come thick and fast. Releases such as *The Nikki Jayne Experiment*, *On The Couch* and *Catch Me* were very well received by fans and critics alike, with the naughty Northerner quickly earning a reputation for producing highly enthusiastic performances.

In 2009 she was nominated in the Best New Starlet and Best DP Sex Scene categories at the Adult Video News awards in Las Vegas, an indication of her rapid rise to fame, and in this year's awards she's up for Best DP Scene and Best Solo Sex Scene.

But surely, even though she's already achieved career success beyond her wildest dreams, lives in a beautiful house in the California sunshine and admits to feeling right at home in the pump and thrust of the porn industry, there must be something Nikki misses from her Lancastrian roots. Right?

"I obviously miss my family and definitely the sense of humour," she says. "Having

been raised in Wigan, I also miss being able to nip out for a meat and potato pastie." What, you mean they don't do them in Beverly Hills?

Although her star is soaring, Nikki keeps her feet on the ground by, "driving a horrible car" and with the support of her Mum and step-Dad, who are both apparently delighted with her success.

The future holds, in no particular order, a book, a website, a foray into production and a scene with legend Rocco Siffredi, but for now Nikki is hoping to go one better than last year and scoop an AVN award – indeed, given her interest in astrology and tarot cards, she might be able to tell you if she's won already – and concentrating on her next release for Vivid. If you want to check her out in action, the girl herself recommends *Cheek Freaks*, which includes her first ever onscreen anal encounter.

"Would you like some sugar in that?"







# Chelsea

Age: 25 Vital Stats: 32C-27-34

Photographer: Cherry Blossom Media

No prizes for guessing who London born *Mayfair* debutante Chelsea French supports – she's made it pretty clear with her choice of modelling name, but to be honest we're far too interested in the girl herself to bother with a load of lame football gags. Isn't she a peach? It's always nice when a cracking new British girl comes along, and Chelsea represents the first half of a delectable double whammy of UK debutantes this issue, with Anna Lovato on her way later on. A blonde and a brunette, both equally hot, horny and new. Mmm, there's a lot to be said for this job, you know!



























## Continued from page 5

to, you know, use it?" Conny giggled. I sat back down in the bath and pulled her onto my lap, facing me. The feel of her body got me fully hard again in no time. "I think I could manage," I smiled as I reached down and guided my cock to her pussy lips. I pushed in and she yelped, but it didn't stop her pushing down on me until my cock was buried deep inside her. She was very tight and she put her arms round my shoulders burying her face in my shoulder. Each pump made her gasp and she was getting very vocal. I carefully stood up, Conny's legs wrapped round me as I held her by her arse cheeks and fucked her hard now. She was biting into my shoulder as my nails dug in her bum until I came inside her again. We laid back in the bath both breathless. There was water all over the place and we both laughed as we looked at each other. We topped the bath up with hot water and relaxed finishing the champagne.

I got the chance to fuck Conny once more that afternoon, on the bed this time and after we had both come again, she fell asleep. I left her then, remembering it was some time since she had slept but made sure I wrote her a note with full contact details. I saw her again for another afternoon session the next day before watching her dress back to little miss prim and proper in her uniform and taking her to the airport for her flight home.

Of course I make a point of seeing her whenever she has a stop over and her colleagues still all think she is little wholesome but boring Conny as she refuses to go out partying with them. But they could not be more wrong about the little naughty cabin girl minx.

Colin, Guildford.

## A Bum Squeal

I met Tom by complete accident. We had both climbed into the same cab outside the station and as it was pissing with rain we decided to share.

We both worked in the city and there was an immediate attraction between us. We had exchanged numbers by the end of the journey and after a few dates I realised that most of my previous lovers hadn't had a clue how to please a woman.

For a start, Tom loved sucking my pussy and had a great tongue technique, were he would tickle my clit with the tip and then plunge as much of it as he could right up my hole. He would repeat this over and over again until I was climbing the walls with lust. Tom would keep me hovering on the edge of climax for ages doing this and then suddenly slide a couple of fingers straight up my sopping cunt, sending me over the top.

Seeing as he was such a thoughtful lover I made a real effort to please him too. I wore stockings for the first time in years and we went shopping for a whole new wardrobe of sexy underwear that I took great pleasure in wearing for him whenever we fucked, which was nearly every night. Last Friday, we'd had a meal out and beneath my slinky black cocktail dress I had on my favourite black nylons, red lacy basque and I was wearing these raunchy knee-length black stiletto boots that he'd bought me as a present the day before. I felt really horny all the time we were at the restaurant and when Tom slipped his hand under the table, stroked up my stockinged thigh and gently brushed against the taut crotch of

**She lay with her legs open towards me and danced her fingers all over her pussy before sliding them inside and frigging herself off in front of me...**

my satin panties he must have been able to feel the pussy juice already oozing from my hole. As soon as we got in, we tore each other's clothes off and Tom threw me down on the sofa, dragging my big plump tits from the wired cups of my basque so he could suck the bulging nipples into his warm mouth. I already had his stiff fat dick in my hand and wriggled beneath his muscled body, eager for once to just shove it straight into my throbbing pussy. Tom was having none of it and moved his mouth from my quivering tits to inbetween my parted thighs, licking along the taut nylon until he reached my, by now, naked slit. He slurped at my hairless swollen lips and pushed his tongue all the way inside as I'd come to expect and yearn for.

I certainly didn't expect Tom's next move though!

He slipped his tongue from my gash and moved it down until the tip was tickling my arsehole.

Now, I've never had anal sex and never really wanted to as I always imagined it would hurt like hell, but this was nice and instead of pushing his head away I wriggled lower in the sofa and raised my legs giving him easier access.

Spurred on by my encouragement, Tom spread my bumcheeks with his hands and eased his tongue just inside the taut little hole. The copious amounts of pussy fluid helped lubricate the insertion and I was amazed at how horny his filthy probing was making me.

At that very moment I knew, for the first time, I had to have a cock buried deep inside my arse! With my stiletto boots still raised high in the air, I groped my cunt with one hand, sliding three fingers effortlessly up my tunnel and with the other hand I grasped for Tom's prick. Realising what I wanted he turned me onto my side so that my arse was sticking over the edge of the sofa. He allowed me a few wanks of his trembling dick as he hungrily pistoned his tongue in and out of my butthole, easing a finger inside as well, gradually stretching the opening, ready for his meat. I came on my fingers as slurping and squelching noises filled the lounge, my arse on fire at the feel of his fingers slipping faster and faster up my rear. I'd always thought that only dirty sluts took it up the bum and it was driving me wild with lust realising that I was going to be that filthy too.

Tom knelt on the floor next to the sofa and positioned his large purple knob inbetween my slippery cheeks and directly against my arsehole. He grasped one stockinged thigh and leant slightly forward. I could feel my arse begin to open to accommodate the tip. A mixture of excitement and nervousness gripped my body



as he pressed a bit harder. Jeez, would I be able to take his monster cock after all. Would it hurt, would . . . FUCK! I yelled as my butt entrance finally succumbed to the pressure and his rock hard shaft shot inside my tightest of tunnels. Gasping with shock I concentrated on the engulfing sensation of heat, fullness and aching that coursed through my crotch. Tom stroked my tits and waited patiently for me to settle into this awesome new feeling. I managed to relax the muscles clamped around Tom's cock and he slid in a bit further before pulling back. He repeated the movement and went deeper still until my arse was completely stuffed with his prick. I started to fiddle with my clit as I became aware of every minute twitch of his dick, every centimetre of movement inside my bum. I came again as I obscenely began to slide my rear along his shaft, moaning with pleasure as the burning lust of my first anal fuck took me over.

This was the cue for Tom to lose control and as my anus clenched his dick like a vice as I climaxed, he exploded inside me, firing jet after jet of spunk deep up my back passage, the super-sensitive walls of my bum tunnel allowing me to feel every single squirt until his dick began to shrink and he slipped out of my throbbing arsehole, trailing goo all over my buttocks, stockinged thighs and down onto the carpet. As we lay there exhausted, I was amazed that I had never experienced such intense pleasure before and had always shied away from bum-fucking.

Slowly the delicious ache subsided in my arse and I pledged to make sure this hole got it's fair share of the action in future!

Sasha, Balham.





# Julia

**Age:** 22 **Vital Stats:** 32C-23-33

**Photographer:** Sage Style

Now *Mayfair's* not the sort of magazine to come over all jingoistic, but we can't help crowing a bit about the fact that comely young Julia Corwn here actually chails from these fair isles. OK, so she might have a bit of Scandinavian heritage pumping around her veins as well, but we won't let that trouble us for now!

Isn't she a beaut? Quite aside from the sort of face that doesn't so much invite as demand a second glance if you happened to pass her in the street, she's also got legs most women we know would happily do a ten year stretch for.

Still, surely a girl this good-looking would be a bit snooty, right? Not a bit of it – she (sometimes quite literally) bent over backwards to please. What a girl!



























A close-up photograph of a woman's legs and lower torso. She is lying on a bed with a pink, ruffled sheet. She is wearing black fishnet stockings and black high-heeled shoes with thin stiletto heels. A black lace garter belt is visible around her waist. The background shows a white pillow and a white wall.

**SEE MY  
HARDER  
PICS**

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Surely Yorkshire lass Michelle B needs no introduction – she's been keeping fans horny with her naughty exploits for some time now, but we reckon she's looking just as hot now as she ever has! Stick her in some classy lingerie and fishnets, and the result is, well frankly dynamite!

Of course here at *Mayfair* we're far too gentlemanly to go into all the depraved things she's got up to on screen, but we got an idea of just how mucky she could be during this shoot, when we had to keep telling her to leave her fanny alone so we could take some printable pictures! In the end we gave up, letting her have free reign as we shot a load of images for the website. Go and have a look, if you think you're hard enough!



# Michelle

Age: 28 Vital Stats: 32E-23-33  
Photographer: DDF

















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HARDER  
PICS**

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# Joa

**Age:** 22 **Vital Stats:** 32B-23-32

**Photographer:** Cherry Blossom

Girls playing hard to get – it's all good fun, as long as they let us 'get' them in the end! Joa was pretty hard to track down after we shot her last year, but such was the response when we ran the set of her in December that we figured we owed it to our readers to have a go! As you can see, we finally managed it, getting the cute London babe to peel of her undies for us one more time, but make the most of it folks – she's bagged herself a new job and is planning to hang up her modelling gear for good.

That's very sad news as far as we're concerned, but of course we wish her all the best – and at least we've got a few lovely snaps of that fanny of hers for posterity...

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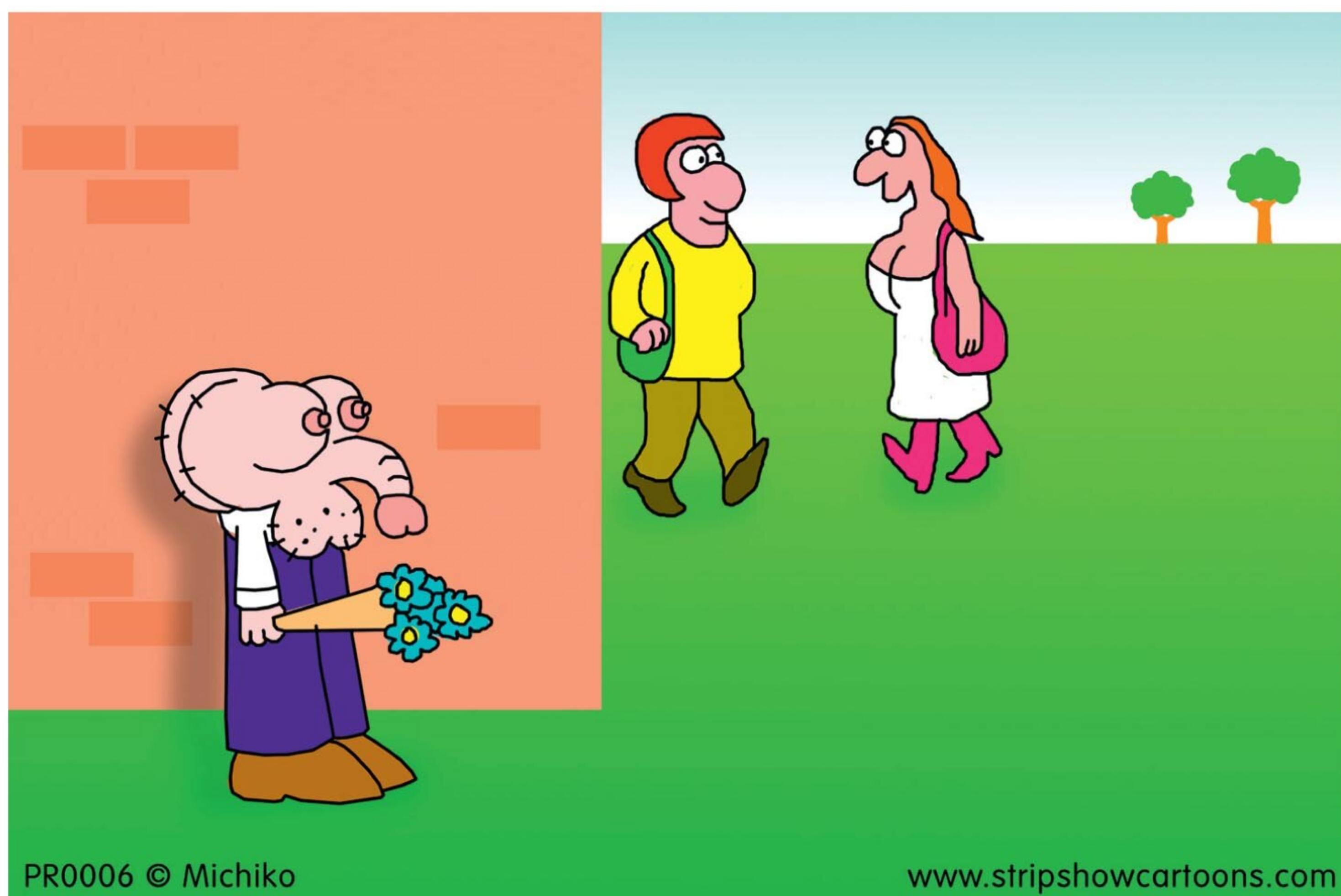
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# Gentlemen That Reminds Me...

Need some more gag fodder to keep the guys in the boozier entertained? Well have some of these!



PR0006 © Michiko

www.stripshowcartoons.com

I can't wait to meet him - apparently he's like sex on legs

## Why is television called a medium? Because it is neither rare nor well done.

Two blondes had been shopping in town, when the one who drove there realised she'd locked her keys in the car. She was carefully trying to pick the lock with a hairclip when she stopped to rest for a second. When she sat down, her friend said: "Hurry up, it's starting to rain and the top's down!"

A man left work one Friday afternoon, but instead of going home, he stayed out the entire weekend drinking and playing poker with the boys, and spending all his wages in the process.

When he finally got home on Sunday evening, he was confronted by his very angry wife.

After two hours, she stopped nagging and said: "How would you like it if you didn't see me for two or three days?"

He replied: "That would be fine with me."

Monday went by and he didn't see his wife. Tuesday and Wednesday came and went with the same results.

However, on Thursday the swelling finally went down just enough for him to see her a little out of the corner of his left eye.

**A Martian walks into a bar and orders**

a bottle of whisky, a bottle of vodka, 12 martinis, 12 pints of Guinness and a gin and tonic. He downs them all in one then asks for the same again. He carries on drinking all night. Then, as he's about to leave, the barman says: "That's amazing, but do you know your bill is £1823?" The Martian replies: "Have you got change of a zonk?"

A dying penny pincher told his doctor, lawyer and vicar:

"I have £90,000 under my mattress. At my funeral I want each of you to toss an envelope with £30,000 in into the grave."

And after telling them this, he died.

At the funeral, each man threw his envelope in the grave.

Later, the vicar said: "I must confess. I needed £10,000 for my new church, so I only threw in £20,000."

The doctor admitted: "I needed £20,000 for new equipment at the hospital, so I only left £10,000 in the envelope."

Then spoke the Lawyer: "Gentlemen, I'm shocked that you would blatantly ignore this man's final wish. I threw in a personal cheque for the full amount."

**Q: How many psychotherapists does it take to change a light bulb?**  
**A: One – but the light bulb's got to really want to change.**

Two blokes bump trollies in a supermarket.

"Sorry about that," the first man says. "I'm looking for my wife and I wasn't watching where I was going."

"I'm looking for my wife, too," the second guy says.

"Maybe I can help you," the first bloke replies. "What does your wife look like?"

"Well, she's a tall redhead with big green eyes, long suntanned legs and a bright smile," the second man says.

"What does your wife look like?"

"Never mind," says the first guy. "Let's look for yours."

A plane is on its way to New York when a blonde woman travelling in economy class gets up and moves into a free seat in the first class section.

The flight attendant watches her do this, and politely informs the woman that she must sit in economy class because that's the type of ticket she paid for.

The blonde replies, "I'm blonde, I'm beautiful, I'm going to New York and I'm staying put right here."

After repeated attempts with no success at convincing the woman to move, the flight attendant goes into the cockpit and informs the pilot and co-pilot that there's a blonde bimbo sitting in first class who refuses to go back to her proper seat. The co-pilot goes back to the woman and explains why she needs to move, but once again the woman replies by saying, "I'm blonde, I'm beautiful, I'm going to New York and I'm staying put right here."

The co-pilot returns to the cockpit and suggests that perhaps they should have the arrival gate call the police and have the woman arrested when they land. The pilot says, "You say she's blonde? I'll handle this. I'm married to a blonde. I speak blonde." He goes back to the woman and whispers quietly in her ear, and she says, "Oh, I'm sorry," then without any further ado moves back to her seat in economy class.

The flight attendant and co-pilot are amazed and ask him what he said to get her to move back to economy without causing any fuss.

"I told her first class isn't going to New York."

**Pete stopped at a friend's house the other day and found him stalking around with a fly-swatter. When he asked if he was getting any flies, he answered: "Yeah, three males and two females." Curious, Pete asked how on earth he could tell the difference. His mate replied: "Three were on a beer can and two were on the phone."**



# Anna

Age: 25 Vital Stats: 32B-27-33

Photographer: Iain Thomson

To quote our able editorial assistant, "Woo woo!" How chuffed were we when we managed to snaffle the delectable Welsh lass Anna Lovato for the magazine? Well, how chuffed do you think? Viewers of those late night TV channels should be familiar with her charms, although not to the extent that you're about to get acquainted with them now! We're hoping we'll be seeing plenty more of Anna in *Mayfair* from now on, and if you fancy giving yourself a treat, pop along to [paulraymond.com](http://paulraymond.com) to check out her video!



**SEE MY  
VIDEO**

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Anna

MAYFAIR

POSTER POSER











# Kate

**Ages:** 22 **Vital Stats:** 36D-26-36

**Photographer:** Azurephotos

Swindon's produced a load of great things over the years, and while we might not be able to think of any of them off the top of our heads just this minute, that doesn't mean that here at *Mayfair* we're not eternally grateful to the Wiltshire town – if only because it's where the delectable Kate Hunter was born and bred!

Green eyes, blonde hair, a nice curvy arse and the kind of tits you get to play with once in a lifetime (if you're lucky), Kate's as good an advert for the town as you could hope for. Who knows, maybe her appearance in *Mayfair* will give the town's tourism industry that shot in the arm it's been begging for all these years...?

And talking of begging for things, we were desperate for a date with Kate once this shoot was in the can, but she was a bit hard to pin down. Still, we're not the sorts to give up too easily, so we're hopeful we'll be seeing plenty more of her before long!























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# Quest

There's something especially thrilling about screwing someone you've never met before, and here's the pick of the letters we received on the subject this month...



**Name: Joy**

**Age: 25**

**Occupation: Market Researcher**

While I am fairly liberal about my attitude to sex (I do read *Mayfair*, after all!) I don't really go in for one night stands, so I surprised myself when I agreed willingly to have sex with a man I quite literally bumped into in the street. It happened last winter after I saw a cheap get-away weekend to Rome being advertised in the window of a travel agent's shop and just went for it.

Rome was everything I'd imagined, and the first day I immersed myself in the beauty of the culture and architecture of that beautiful city. On Sunday I awoke to the sounds of bells calling the faithful to the many beautiful churches and I decided to go for a walk through the city centre and absorb my

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**"I begged him to fuck me hard!  
I wasn't in the mood to play,  
I needed him inside me..."**

---

surroundings without a guided tour.

I had plenty of time as my flight home was not until late that evening and so I set off to explore my surroundings. I wandered off the main streets down the more ancient narrow lanes, taking photos along the way. The city felt vibrant and the smell of coffee soon led me to an anonymous little café. I was sitting by myself sipping a delicious cappuccino when my attention was caught by what was probably the most handsome man I had ever seen!

This guy was just bursting with sex appeal and I could not take my eyes off him. He was sitting alone, reading a newspaper, and when he glanced up he caught me staring at him. I blushed and was relieved when he smiled warmly at me, and I could feel myself becoming unusually heated as he held my gaze. Becoming flustered, I got up and left the café hurriedly, afraid of making a fool of myself. Just as I reached the pavement outside, however, a strong hand on my shoulder halted me, and I felt myself being pulled into the man's arms. Without any preamble whatever, this complete stranger kissed me forcefully on the lips.

He took me totally by surprise and without hesitation I melted against him, my body throbbing with lust as his hands held me tightly against him. He held me close to him as though we were long time lovers, and then in near perfect English he whispered that he wanted to take me to his apartment and make love to me right away.

I don't even remember agreeing – or even saying a word. I only remember that he took my hand and led me towards an old but beautiful building. Inside his apartment, he pulled me back into his arms and I could hear a groan of excitement building deep in his throat. I was wet, throbbing with desire as he picked me up in his arms and carried me to his bedroom.

Never in my life have I felt so wanton as I did at that moment all I could think of was how much I wanted his cock buried deep inside me, pounding and throbbing and satisfying my lust and my mouth opened to accept his hungry kisses as he spirited me through his flat.





When we reached the bedroom he reached behind me to push the door closed, and I slid my way down his body. With a laugh he threw off his coat and began to undress. I almost tore my own clothing off, casting it with disregard on the floor as I returned to his magnificent body and, kneeling, I sought my prize.

I took him into my mouth, sucking his hard cock between my soft lips, licking, tasting, touching, and sucking him deep into my throat until my nose was pressed against his hard stomach.

"Stop," he said in a heavy accent, trying to pull me away, but I ignored him and continued working on his glorious member, the taste and feel of it driving me on. "No, really, come here," he insisted, pulling me up, kissing my mouth, and sucking my tongue deep against his.

His hands seemed to seek out my every pleasure point expertly. While one of them rubbed and teased my throbbing hard nipples, the other slid between our bodies to explore

the moistness between my thighs. I closed my eyes, sucking on his tongue as his fingers glided in and out of my slippery wetness.

I had never felt so hot or in need of being fucked. This handsome stranger had the hands of a sex God! I needed him inside me so much I did something I have never done before, I begged him for it. I begged him to fuck me hard! I wasn't in the mood to play, I needed him inside me fucking me hard right then and there.

With a smile and a grunt his body pushed me up against the wall, my hands clinging to him, one on his neck and the other woven into his dark hair. My mouth hot and wanting, claming his lips and seeking out his tongue.

As I wrapped my legs up and around his waist, pulling my body to meet his. We moved frantically, his thick cock splitting my moist labia apart and sliding deep inside me. He fucked me deep, thrusting hard and fast. His strong legs allowing him to slam me against the wall with each hard stab. My breath caught, the first waves of orgasm washed over me, slowly building, and multiplying. I would have fallen down that wall had he not held me tightly, his head buried in my neck.

As my feet slipped back to the floor, he caught me in his strong arms and lay me on the bed. His tongue trailed over my nipples making them peak and throb as he worked his way down to my pussy to taste me. His tongue teasing me until I was at the brink of yet another orgasm. I was quivering and whimpering as he moved on top of me this time using his strong arms to raise and lower his powerful body in and out of mine. His thick cock sliding in and out of my steaming hot pussy making me squeal as his thrust with ever increasing vigour. My nails raked his back as he took me to a high I had never experienced before, and I bit into his shoulder as he emptied himself deep inside me.

Once we'd got our breath back he told me his name was Giacomo, and he offered to take me on a little sightseeing tour around the city, but

as I only had a couple of hours left before I had to be setting off for the airport I declined and we parted. Still, he gave me his card, so if ever I find myself back in the eternal City, I'll be sure to look him up.

**Name: Diana**

**Age: 34**

**Occupation: Accountant**

My friend Julia was the one who started it all. She had warmed me up with tales of nights in Paris with strangers, the names forgotten. I admired her for both her frank honesty and scant regard for what other people thought. Some of the stories she told made me lust for a night of passion with a passing ship.

But Julia's chance encounters were rarely left to the gods. The types of places she frequented on these trips were exclusive clubs where the members all met for the same purpose: sex. I was not so taken with the idea of sleeping with a stranger while being surrounded by a mass of heaving flesh. Too much. And besides, Paris was too far away and I spoke no French.

"Then come to London with me," said Julia when I finally admitted my interest. "We don't have to go to any clubs, but trust me, I will make sure you end up in a strange man's arms..."

I didn't doubt her. I had seen her many times seduce men; she knew what she was doing.

So the date was set – a Friday. We met for lunch first and then took a leisurely stroll to the station to catch the 3 o'clock to London Euston. A few hours later we were buzzing round the shops on Oxford Street, working our way slowly to Soho by way of a few bars. By the time we were there proper I was open-minded enough and Julia led me into a stylish looking bar. "Don't go jumping on the first guy you like the look of. Men are like shopping; you always





check there isn't something better before you buy."

She needn't have bothered because there were no men in here that fitted my idea of a stranger worth screwing. Julia wasn't concerned; she merely took me by the arm and led me to the next bar. This one was more garish than the first, louder with a more bullish atmosphere. But in here I found a number of men I liked the look of.

Julia began to work her magic. Sitting us at the bar, she waited until the first of them came for a drink and then nudged me into him, making sure I turned to apologise. To my surprise he asked if I wanted a drink and I flustered. A swift kick in the ankle from Julia and we were talking. But just as I was getting comfortable with him, Julia butted in and told him we needed to talk. Alone.

"Remember, look in all the shop windows before you buy." She said.

In all, I suppose I met around eight men in that bar, and we were there for most of the evening. I eventually settled on a slim, dark haired guy, with visible stubble. Let's call him Greg. I'm proud to say I don't remember his real name – he only said it once.

"Just go over to him and ask him if he still wants to buy you that drink," Julia counselled "And the rest will happen naturally." Then she handed me a card with a hotel address, and a key, room number 143. "Don't go back to his place, take him here. It always makes them try harder," she winked. Then it was all up to me.

I went over to Greg and said exactly what Julia had told me to and that was it. We probably spent another half an hour in that bar before we left. As we did, I saw Julia talking to two young men, with a look in her eye I had seen many times before.

Greg hailed a cab, but before he could tell the cabbie where to go, I handed him the card and opened the door. "Well are you coming?" I asked as Greg hesitated.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"You'll find out," I said, mysteriously. What did it matter if I didn't actually know myself? Finding my floor wasn't a problem, but we tumbled up and down corridors looking for my room, Greg becoming more mystified. For my part, I was beginning to feel dominant, and when we finally found it, I led him in and kissed him hard on the mouth. Pulling him backwards, we fell onto the bed, Greg on top of me, wrestling my clothes off. His mouth traced my neck, kissing me noisily, his hands caressed my breasts, cupping them and sucking my nipples. I could feel his hardness pressing



into my thigh.

"Take off your clothes," I said, stopping him in his tracks. Greg stood up and shed his shirt and trousers, shoes and socks. "And the rest," I said, motioning at his briefs. His dick sprang out in front of him, standing proud. Impressive. "Now take off mine," I said just as soon as I'd thought of it. I stood for him and let him undress me. When he came to my panties, Greg peeled them down slowly and licked my thighs from behind. I bent over the bed and opened my legs better, enough for him to be able to get his tongue on my pussy. I had been growing wet since we'd been in the lift, and by then I was awash with my own juice.

Greg's tongue split my labia open and lapped at my hole, his nose pressing into my anus. I could feel his breath on my thighs and ached

**"I began to grind myself round and down on his face, rubbing my clit hard against his nose."**

to have his tongue inside me. As if he felt the same way, Greg turned round and sat with his back against the bed, his head tilted back so that it as lying on the mattress and he pulled me by my buttocks onto his tongue. I threw all caution to the wind and began to ground myself round and down on his face, rubbing my clit hard against his nose. I knelt one knee on the bed beside him and fucked his face like a woman possessed. All my thoughts since I had left my home that morning came flooding back and I jerked to orgasm on Greg's features, gripping his hair to get a better purchase.

When I had done, I climbed up onto the bed on my hands and knees and just looked at him over my shoulder. Greg slid into me easily and his hands cupped my breasts as he bent over me and humped me hard and slow. Gradually, he rose back up, his hands running down the sides of my body until they were clasping my buttocks tight and pulling them open as he thrust harder and harder into me. I could feel another orgasm building inside me and it burst out as Greg reached down to rub my clit and fucked me as hard as he could. He came inside me, hot come filling me up and adding to my excitement. We lay in a heap on the bed for sometime and I could feel myself slipping into sleep.

"You can leave now," I said before I nodded off.

"Can I call you?" Greg asked, collecting his clothes.

"No," I simply said.

**Name: Michael**

**Age: 38**

**Occupation: Claims Manager**

I have discovered the ultimate place to go in order to pick up women of all ages who are well up for a good shag and the best thing about this free nookie market is that you will have little or no competition from other blokes. Yep, you heard me. You can have a face like the rear end of a milk float and a body like a sack of turnips but I can almost guarantee that you will get your end away or at least return home with a few ladies phone numbers cluttering up your wallet and lipstick all over your neck.

Too good to be true? Well, I'll let you in on my secret as there is enough for every red-blooded bloke and, to be honest, I'm so knackered humping honeys that I could do with a bit of help satisfying the demands of so many crazed and wanton females.

Get dressed up, squirt yourself with half a can of Lynx and get on down the Bingo!

No, I'm not joking. Just think about it. Hundreds of semi-pissed, dolled up women of all ages out for a good time, hardly any other blokes within a few hundred yards and you just sitting there all helpless waiting for some bit of totty to explain the rules!

You really can't lose lads and I've been



scoring like Wayne Rooney against a pub team for weeks now. Take last Saturday for instance. I'd asked this big-breasted blonde woman if she could give me a hand with me card and she had leant right over, those jumbo-sized knockers and mile of cleavage inches from my face. Right there and then something told me I'd be squirting my cum all over those sexy soft mountains before the night was out.

Soon, I was sitting in between my new 'breast' friend, Monica and her mini-skirted mate, Sue. As the next game started, Monica reached under the table, slid her hand up my thigh and groped between my legs. My dick sprang to attention and quickly filled her palm with pulsing meat.

"Oooh, Sue. I think we're onto a winner here!" she laughed. "Cop a feel."

Sue squeezed my now rigid prick hard, kissed me on the cheek and parted her legs as I slid my own hand up her thigh and nestled my

fingers against the moist warmth of the lacy material stretched taut across the entrance to her pussy. Women at other tables shrieked drunkenly to each other as my two companions skilfully manouvered past my flies and actually released my aching dick beneath the table.

"Oh dear," Monica shouted at Sue, "I've dropped me pen."

She dived off her chair and the next thing I knew her lipstick-caked lips were spread around my knob and she was sucking my shaft deep into her mouth. I nearly came there and then, especially as I managed to get the tips of two fingers into the sodden gash of her chum at the same time.

"Fuck Bingo, I want that prick," Sue muttered and stood up, her tiny mini-skirt still pushed up and the gusset of her black panties askew as my concentration returned to the tongue tickling the tip of my rod.

"Let's go to the car," Monica said from under

the table as she roughly stuffed my dick and balls back into my jeans. We vaguely made ourselves decent and stumbled through the packed auditorium to the carpark in the rear.

Diving into the back of a rather small hatchback, Monica pulled me in on top of her and shoved her tongue down my throat as she once again freed my prick, yanking back the foreskin as Sue adjusted the front seats and clambered into the back beside us. Yeah, it was squashed but now was my chance to get my hands on Monica's airbags and I dragged them one at a time from her bra before pressing them together in order to get both large nipples into my mouth at once. I sucked on them noisily as they swelled in my mouth, Sue wriggling into a position where she could push my knob between her lips and suck me off at the same time.

Squeezing Monica's fat boobs roughly as we snogged some more, I realised my dick was at the entrance of a pussy and in the cramped darkness of the car, I actually couldn't tell which of these dirty girls I was about to fuck. I didn't care either way and thrust forward,

---

**"I thrust forward, embedding my shaft in a gorgeous warm wet and surprisingly tight hole."**

---

embedding my shaft in a gorgeous warm, wet and tight hole. I guessed I was screwing the slimmer Sue, as I began to bang away, my tongue still swirling around her mate's eager mouth. A hand cupped my balls and I pushed a couple of fingers into the twat I wasn't humping, grinding them deep in the gooey softness before smearing the juice around the entrance and down in between the arsecheeks writhing beneath me.

Fuck, I wanted to come, and pulled my cock from the hole where it was buried. Sue swivelled round and wedged it in her mouth sucking my meat, as I pushed Monica down, making it obvious what I planned. She pressed her tits into Sue's face as she continued to suck my aching knob but as the sap rose through my balls, Monica heaved my dick from her friend's mouth and plunged it into that awesome cleavage. The spunk squirted from my cock, spraying breasts, faces, necks and searching tongues. Jets of sperm hungrily devoured by my new found fuck chums. In the gloom, I watched Sue lick the dollops of sex from her pal's boobs and then snog her mouth as they frantically fingered themselves to orgasm.

We cleaned ourselves up and Sue drove us all back to my flat where the party continued and I got to shaft them both in the comfort of my bed until we were all well and truly knackered. Bingo!

**Next Month: MY FIRST TIME!**  
**Got a tale to tell? Then send it**  
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**Floor, 207 Old Street, London,**  
**EC1V 9NR** – or email it to **mayfair@**  
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the tales we use!



# Krystal

**Ages:** 25 **Vital Stats:** 30FF-24-32

**Photographer:** Azure Photos

**SEE MY  
VIDEO**

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It seems that just at the moment we can hardly start putting a new issue together without another cracking UK babe popping up and throwing us all in a fluster again – and this time it was the turn of Black Country Babe Krystal to put a great big spanner in the works (and an even bigger lump in our trousers!). With those glorious FF cups of hers we knew she was the sort of girl who needs to be put in the magazine ASAP, so it was all systems go in a bid to get her ready to present to our readership. Still, it was worth it, don't you think? Everyone in the office reckon Krystal's got just what it takes to become a firm *Mayfair* favourite!



















# Krystal

## MAYFAIR

POSTER POSER









# Gemma

Age: 23 Vital Stats: 32D-22-32

Photographer: Steve Dutton





Hooray! It's always a red-letter day when we get the delectable Gemma Massey in for a shoot, but after a long, grey, snowy winter she was doubly a sight for sore eyes when she arrived. Talk about giving the Spring a boost by getting the sap rising – with Gemma looking this hot it's starting to feel like High Summer already! Then again, we don't want to go wishing the time away – not when there are pleasures like spending the afternoon overseeing shoots like this to be had!













# Gemma

## MAYFAIR

POSTER POSER









# SHANINE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

They might not be the biggest boobs in the world, but we reckon Shanine Linton has the most perfectly formed 35-inchers in the country. Come to think of it, the rest of her is pretty perfect too; from the soft curve of her pert bottom to the subtly-shaded brown nipples on those top-notch knockers, Shanine is five foot six inches of sheer sex.





MAYFAIR  
Classic



"Oh don't," giggles Southampton's luscious Ms Linton going red in the bum-cheeks, "you're making me blush! Believe it or not, I'm quite a shy girl at heart. I always get embarrassed when a man pays me a compliment; I'd much rather he showed me his appreciation by sucking my boobs or chewing on my pubes for an hour or two. Or better still, playing with himself till he comes all over my face! I think that's the best compliment a guy could possibly pay me!" **M**

Shanine Linton – there's a name for old-School *Mayfair* readers to conjure with! This set hails from 1993, when Bill Clinton was just settling into the White House and stating to eye up those interns, while us Brits were ogling Shanine and her super sexy bod. Bit of a toss-up as to whether it was Clinton or us who were feeling more horny, I guess...



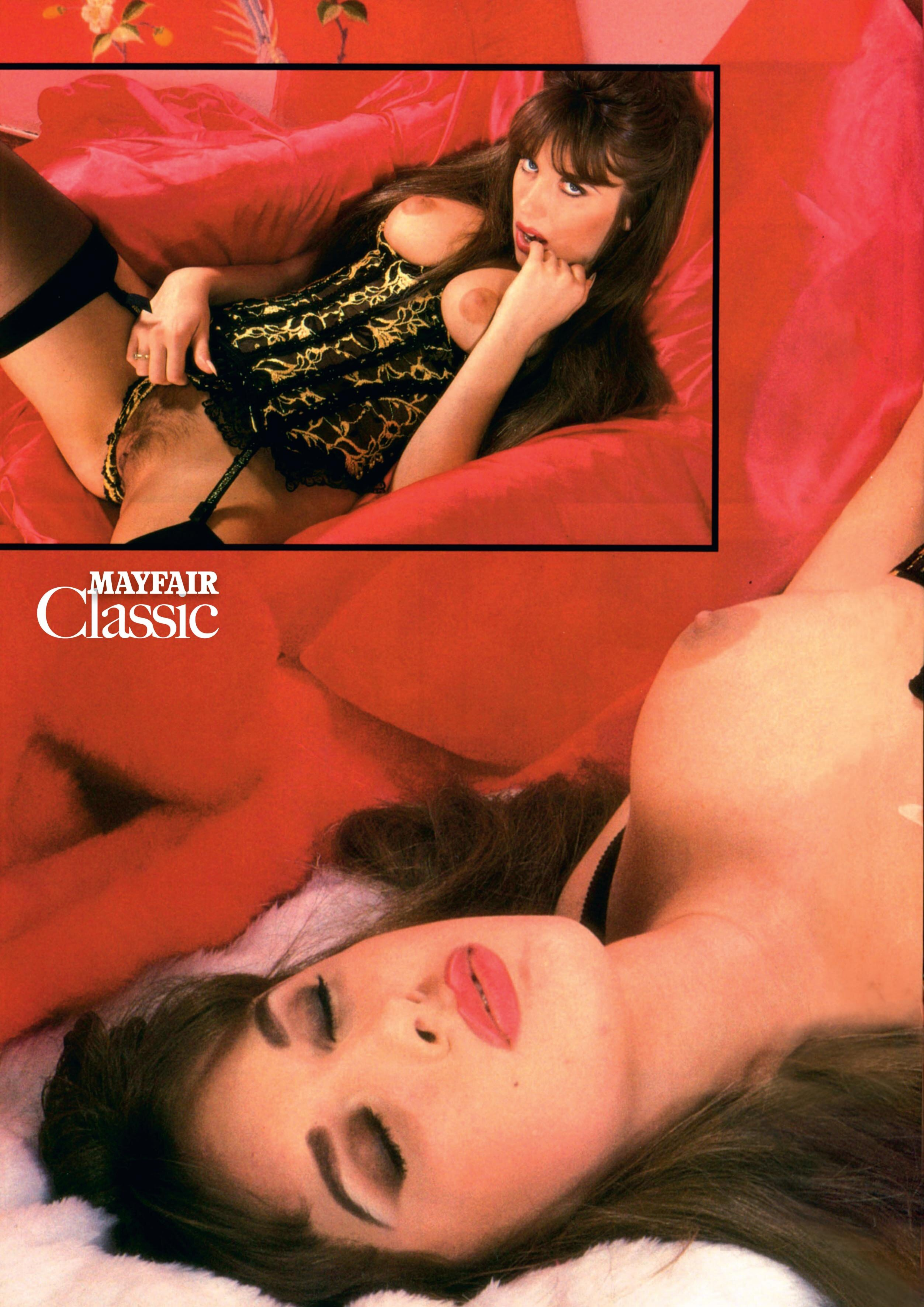




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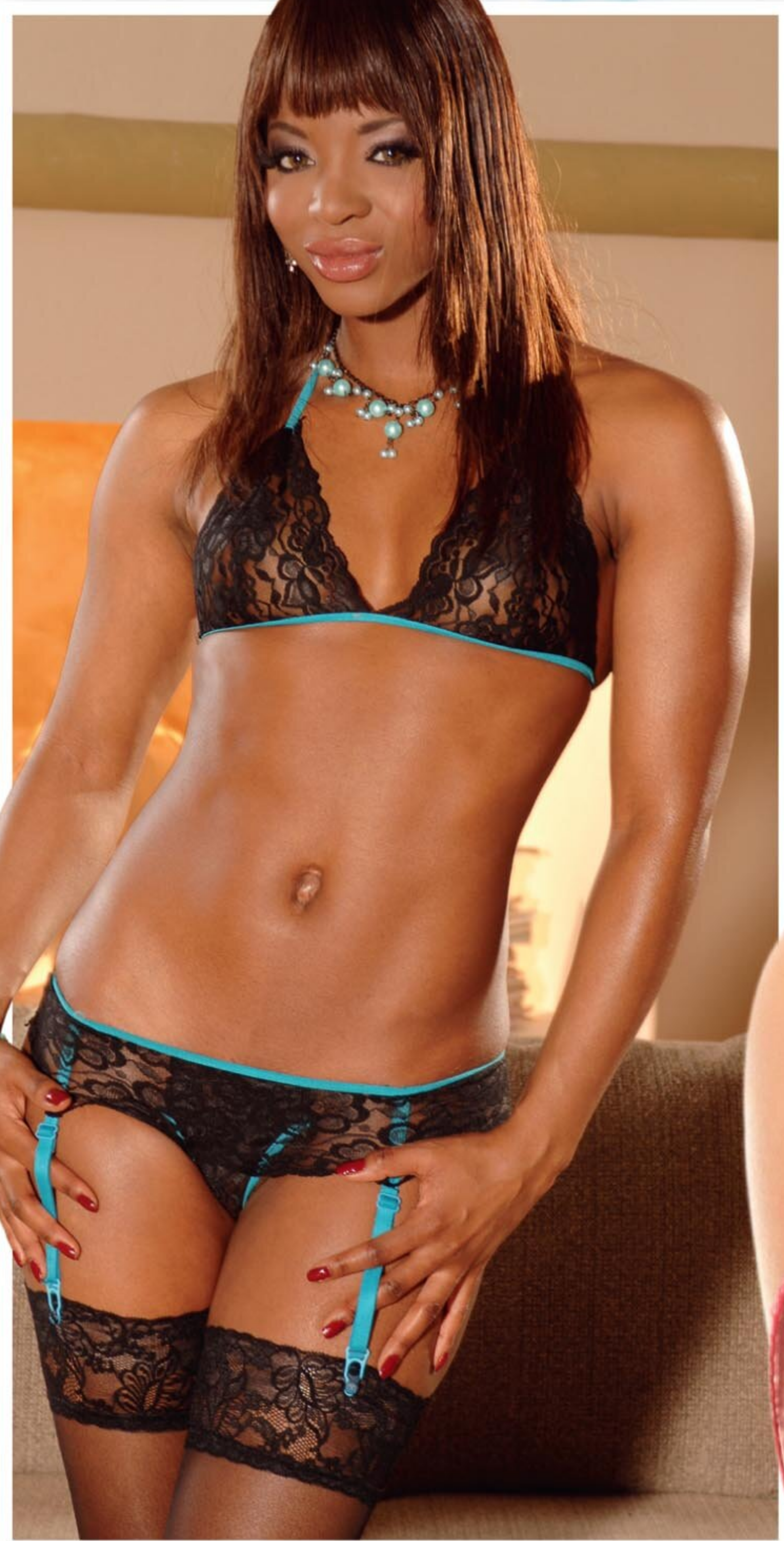


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Classic









Look, we don't like to rest on our laurels here at *Mayfair*, even when we have got 46 years of totty-crammed issues under our belts! Now, we're always on the lookout for enticing new faces to present to our readers, and next month we've pulled another few rabbits out of the hat! First off is Isis – one of the horniest babes we've come across in yonks, and if that weren't enough we've got dusky Midlands lovely Jasmine on her very worst behaviour. And that ain't even the start of it...

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